

EVEN THOUGH IT HAS RAINED OFTEN THE 19TH HOLE IS SAID TO BE DUSTIER THAN THE SAHARA

LONG WORLD SERIES ALREADY IS DRAWING PROTESTS FROM FANS

If the Nine-Act Drama Goes the Limit There Should Be Plenty of Room in the Parks to Take Care of the Lukewarm Rooters

By ROBERT W. MAXWELL Sports Editor Evening Public Ledger Copyright, 1919, by Public Ledger Co.

THE recent ruling which boosted the number of world series games to nine has not been received as well as was expected. After a couple of days of calm reflection the fans say the new stunt is all wet and the public will get sick and tired of the entire business if the series goes the limit. It is pointed out that in 1912, when Boston and New York appeared eight times in the world series arena, the interest died down toward the end and only fair crowds attended the last two exhibitions. This has been true in all long-winded affairs, and it would not be surprising if such would be the case this year.

The big noise is pulled in the first four games. Then the local crowds fight for seats and the bleacher bugs stay up all night for the privilege of occupying space in the sun den. However, after a couple of days of that stuff the dollar boys hit the feathers every evening and take a chance on getting a ticket at the regular time. It is the same with grand stand patrons, and at the tail end of the series there will be lots of roots.

This talk of doing something for the public is all bunk. It is for the public all right, but not for their benefit. The coin of the realm is the plot in the act, and a determined effort will be made to get it. Cincinnati denies this and take a look at some of the propaganda:

"Nine games instead of seven" writes one Red booster. "The best and most sportsmanlike move that possibly could be made. Seven games do not allow for the best work of a steady, plugging, slow-starting club. The club that can get away with a rush and bag one or two games at the start has hitherto had entirely too great an advantage, and nine games will help even things up. Commercialism? Nonsense! Every fan would vote for nine games, and they are the ones to be considered."

Harry Franzer, of Boston, however, has different views and does not hesitate to spill them. "I am opposed to nine games," he says, "because the fans can concentrate interest on the fixture for a limited time only, and then they seek relief from the strain. They want a decision quickly, the same as in the second game of a double-header which has gone extra innings. The old system has proved satisfactory and I believe is better for the public, the players and the clubs."

BUT the nine-act drama will be put on just the same. Perhaps the fan in Cincinnati will fall for it, but Chicago will be lukewarm. For the benefit of the public? No! Some of that Pro-Bunko Public stuff we have read so much about.

Long Series Does Not Annoy Gleason

KID GLEASON is not worried over the change and says the prolonged series cannot hurt his club. He states positively he will win anyway, and when the Kid spills that line of chatter it means something. Gleason is a fighter. He has instilled that spirit into his men, and that in a large measure is responsible for the success of the White Sox. Early in the season it was noted by the experts that the pitching staff was woefully weak, but the Kid used Cicotte and Williams as often as was possible and they failed to break under the strain. Gleason has done wonders with that ball club.

"Of course we have a good team," he said this morning. "We just HAD to be good to lead this league. It has been a tough battle from the start, but the boys never faltered. They did everything I asked of them, and when it was necessary to win games they went out and won them. We came from behind in more than a dozen battles and pulled games out of the fire which seemed hopelessly lost. Must hand it to the players on the club."

"A short time ago we had a double-header with Detroit. The Tigers were annoying us, so we decided to go out and take the pair. That ruined their pennant hopes. Cleveland is going strong now, but they cannot beat us out. We have but twelve games to play, and if we take five of them the best the Indians can do is to tie us if they win every game. But to make it sure, we will keep on winning and forget there is such a club as Cleveland."

The White Sox are not hard up for pitchers. Cicotte and Williams are the big guns, of course, but there also are Kerr, Wilkinson, Bill James, Erk Mayer, Loudmilk and Faber. The latter has not done much this season, but it looks as if Gleason was saving him for the Cincinnati games. Red hasn't worked for a long time and many believe he is being groomed to fling his twisters at the men of Moran. Faber is a great pitcher when in shape.

EDDIE COLLINS is a great leader and has been a valuable assistant to Gleason. They get along together like ham and eggs and make an ideal combination. Incidentally, Eddie is playing the best baseball of his career and is clouting more long hits than ever before.

Jack Dempsey's Show Goes Flat

ACCORDING to reports, the Jack Dempsey vaudeville show failed to knock 'em off their seats and flopped last night. In other words, the show has gone floundering and taken the count, to say nothing of the high dive. It's all wet, and that alleged salary of \$15,000 per week has been buried with other press-agent yarns.

A fightless champion never has been popular. The public wants to see the monarch of pugilism in his ring togs battering the daylight out of some aspirant, not a person surrounded by a dress suit trying to act on the stage. Willard did not make good until he went out with a circus and played the tank towns. The rough stuff went big, and Dempsey will have to try the same thing if he wishes to pick up the easy money.

The champion, however, does not care very much for a stage career. He would rather fight, but his manager, Jack Kearns, can't see it. Kearns has his name on all of the posters and a stranger would imagine he was the principal part of the act. Already he is calling himself the world's champion manager and will admit it if questioned closely. He is good at spreading the bunk, but he can't get away with it forever.

A few days ago Kearns pulled a wild-eyed story about Dempsey meeting Fulton, Beckett and Carpenter in one night. That caused a big laugh and no one took it seriously. The world's champion manager imagined he was in Kokomo or Oshkosh or some place like that. Dempsey is too good a fellow and entirely too wise to even think of such a proposition, but Kearns imagined it was great publicity for the show.

THE fate of the show is conclusive proof of how the public fell for the yarn. Now the champion must find some other line of work to reap in the shekels.

Connie Has Overflow of Candidates

CONNIE MACK is conducting a fall training camp at Shibe Park and has as many candidates for his baseball team as a football squad in a leading college. The bench is too small to accommodate the overflow and those arriving late lose their seats and must stand up. Never before has there been such an array of talent on the local lot.

On Saturday Harry Davis looked over the gang and sighed. Harry, in addition to helping Connie run the ball club, is running for Council in the Sixth district, and is wondering what will happen at the primaries tomorrow. "If this gang of ball players could vote," he said, "I could shoe 'em to the polls and win easily. In fact, I would have a big majority with those guys in line. Did you ever see such a mob in your life?"

CONNIE is overlooking no bats and is working every man when the opportunity arises. The rookies have not done much against Chicago, but expect to be in better form against Cleveland and St. Louis.

Outlook at Penn Bright, but—

BOB FOLWELL is getting his football team into shape and in a short time the candidates will perform on Franklin Field. It looks as if Penn would have a good team this fall, but that will not be proved until it gets into action. All of this preliminary boasting is bad for the players and should be stopped. It's a bad stunt to award the championship to a team before any games are played. There's many a slip, etc.

CINCINNATI has passed a law making it a serious offense to bean an umpire with a pop bottle. Thus one by one are the ancient liberties of the populace being restrained. In the old days the Cincinnati fan could not only bean an umpire with a pop bottle, but he could also work himself into the proper frenzy for the fact upon a preliminary diet of red liquor and pickled pigs' feet.

WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND



AN HOUR BEFORE BABY'S BOTTLE TIME

PHILADELPHIA ASLEEP AS RECORDS ARE SMASHED AT FRANKLIN FIELD

World's Greatest Athletes Perform, but Few Attend Classic; Athletic Center Has Moved West

RAY GREATEST MILER

By TED MEREDITH

WHEN stout-hearted Jole Ray took three first place medals and broke one record in the course of his wonderful performance, Philadelphia was asleep to the fact that such classic sporting events were being staged, or else Philadelphia has decided that the track game is no sport of interest.

When the national track and field championships, the biggest thing in this country in track athletics, were staged last Saturday only a sprinkling of people were there to witness the best competition that these games have ever enjoyed. San Francisco thought them big enough to send a large team on to try to bring some of the honors back to their city, as did several other western cities.

There is no doubt that the center of track and field athletics has moved West. This may seem far-fetched when we think that the New York A. C. won the title this year, but any one seeing the games would notice that the westerners had the jump on the East.

Have Best Athletes

They have the top-notch athletes today, and the only thing that held the title in the East was the performances of the big weight men of the New York clubs. When these men give up the game, which will not be long, the West will carry away all the honors for which they have been striving so long.

Since Saturday I have been convinced that the West should be given the right to stage these games more than they have. They are the ones that send the big teams on, furnish the stars in most of the events and their cities would give them the support.

Ray Greatest Miler

Jole Ray now has satisfied the sporting world that he is the miler of all time. When Ray covered the distance in 4 minutes 14.2 seconds, he not only surprised all the critics, but himself as well. The little miler was out to win and win with the least possible strain because he was to be called upon by his club to run and win in two more events, the half mile and relay.

It was easy to see that Ray was playing with his field when they had gone only around the first turn. He was not out in the lead as he should have been had he been trying for the record, but was next to last at the first quarter, swinging along in easy fashion. Full, of Chicago A. A., lead the race and were all serious about it. Full was sent in to win and his followers somehow had been led to believe that he could win.

At the quarter, Connelly, of Boston A. A., another promising miler, took up the lead and held it half way around,

Track and Field Winners in National Senior Meet

Table listing track and field winners in the National Senior Meet, including names like W. D. Hayes, Henry Williams, and Jole Ray.

Weight Men From New York Save East From "Shut-Out" in Track and Field Carnival

SIMPSON SURPRISES

Murchison, of the New York A. C., the favorite, was forced to bow in this race and give it to Williams by a good three yards. Hayes, the winner of the 100, was not the man over this distance that he was in the 100 and could finish only fourth.

Williams created a stir among the critics by his style of running; he was straight up and down all the way with not a bend in his body. This is against all rules for sprinters who are supposed to get a bend at the hips and to over their running, pushing along. This form does not seem to hurt Williams' speed a bit, and his time of 21.4 seconds on the slow track was a wonderful performance.

Another surprise was sprung in the high jump when Joseph Murphy, of the Melitonnian Club, of Portland, Ore., beat a good field of jumpers and made a new record of 6 feet 3-16 inches. The jumpers were all in good shape, and four men did 6 feet 1 inch before a winner stood out.

There was quite a lot of inside stuff on Saturday which was worked and is interesting. When the men were called for the 440-yard low hurdles, only four men answered to their names which would have made only one heat, which would have been the final. Smart, of Chicago, is a big, strong runner and would not mind two races in this event, but Meanix, of Boston, is a better and faster man over this distance if he only has one heat.

In the meantime more men had entered in the hurdles, but who had not answered to their names and who would not have been in time for the event had not the hurdles been counted, appeared and this meant two heats. Smart won.

Another thing that was attracting a lot of attention was the 120 hurdles race between Simpson and Thompson. Simpson has not been racing up to his past performances and Thompson is going better than ever, so Bob's crown was booked to fall, but Thompson took the fall instead at the fourth hurdle and his chances went with him.

Thompson, however, was leading Simpson over the third hurdle and was out to win, but he was running too fast to hold his stride between the hurdles and struck the fourth for a tumble. Jo Loomis was a disappointment to himself and many of his followers in the 100 yards. The tall sprinter took his heat and looked the real thing, but when he started in the semifinal with Hayes he looked like another man and pulled up with no hope at seventy yards. He did finish second to Simpson in the low hurdles, but he was not the Jo of former years, and we were sorry to see him going so poorly.

Shea led the field of quarter-milers all the way and looked like himself again. He never was bothered at any time during the race and proved that a good fast man who is able to get the pole away from the pack can hold them off around the turn and save plenty for the finish.

The time of 50.1-5 seconds for the quarter was good on that track and we will find Shea as good as ever this winter.

LOUISIANA DOES "COME-BACK" ACT

Veteran Makes Great Rally and Wins From Willie Hannon at National Club

F. BROWN IN POOR BOUT

By LOUIS H. JAFFE

The guy who said "they never come back" is all wrong. Next to post Sure, Mike. With the coming back of the National A. A. for the 1010-20 boxing campaign one of Philadelphia's veteran glovemen little known as Joe Lavigne, but well-known as Louisiana, made a successful comeback, and impressed the features of Willie Hannon, of Point Breeze, with this fact—with a lot of sold left and right socks.

Louisiana's comeback was made strictly unanimous in the fifth and sixth rounds of the third bout on Saturday night. For the first four sessions there was not much to the bout with Hannon, the younger, showing to whatever little advantage there was during the milling with the veteran Louis.

Then, beginning with the fifth frame, Louisiana got off like a veritable machine. He was checked full of action and continued to smash terrific wallops on almost every part of Hannon's anatomy above the belt. This same treatment by Louis was continued in the sixth session just to prove that his work in the previous round was not a flash in the pan, and when the final gong sounded the both boxers were greatly exhausted. There was little doubt that youth was not served.

Hannon No Slouch

The victory of Louisiana over Hannon doesn't mean that the former showed championship class or anything like that, because Willie, while he is a promising boy and one bound to rise in the pugilistic realm, isn't of titular caliber; that is, not just now. He may be some time in the future. But that Louisiana defeated Hannon, a very good preliminary boy, proved that Louisiana was going to make things miserable and unpleasant for a lot of featherweights who will try to break into pugilistic prominence this season. Louisiana will make a corking good trial horse for the best of 'em.

Patsy Wallace forgot to "blow it" in the last two rounds of his bout with Johnny Buff, a Jersey kiddo, and the Philadelphia Italian won an uphill battle. Buff got off to an early lead only because of the simple fact that Wallace used a lot of tactics in "King" Hannon's cell, of Bartram's, but when Patsy settled down and boxed he had no trouble showing better form by far.

There Was a Wind-up

There were a few other bouts put on, and, oh, yes, a wind-up—rather, an alleged wind-up. While Terry Martin and Frankie Brown were displacing the fair-sized crowd with a listless bout, mostly Brown's fault, the "two-bit" kept up a continual fire of "When does the wind-up go on?"

Put on a Whitey Fitzgerald and Alton-Towne Dundee again. The Fitz-Dundee bout evidently was a good 'un, but it couldn't be proved by us. We didn't see it.

Whatever honors were to be given to any one in the Martin-Brown bout would go to the winner, Frank O'Brien, for he worked harder than both boxers. Martin was the winner, but it didn't mean anything.

BURMAN MEETS BEVANS

Star Chicago Bantam in Windup at Olympia Tonight

Joe Burman, the classy Chicago bantam, will see service in the six-round wind-up at the Olympia tonight. Billy Bevans, the Wilkes-Barre boy, has been named to oppose the western sharpshooter.

Burman comes east to box Joe Lynch, but when deprived of that chance he immediately was booked to entertain with the rugged upstate boy. If Burman wins decisively this evening he doubtless will be matched to meet Joe Lynch within a few weeks.

Four other bouts are on the program.

Invite Women to Boxing Bout

Pottsville, Pa., Sept. 15.—For the first time in local history women will be admitted to see the boxing match between Battling Kopsan, of Erie, meets Len Revolina, of Milwaukee, here.

Mrs. S. F. Weaver Wins

New York, Sept. 15.—Mrs. Spencer Fullerton Weaver and Lolie Mahan are the New York state mixed doubles tennis champions. They won the title yesterday afternoon by defeating Mrs. Max Wagner and Otsendorf after a long and bitter struggle by the score of 5-6, 5-7, 7-5.

RACES TODAY

HAVRE DE GRACE

7 Races Daily Including a Steeplechase

Special Pennsylvania Railroad train leaves 12:34 P. M., West Philadelphia, 12:38 P. M., direct to course.

ADMISSION—Grandstand and Paddock, \$1.65. Ladies, \$1.15, including war tax.

First Race at 2:30 P. M.

SHOOTERS, ATTENTION!

If you want a real treat in the line of exhibition and fancy shooting do not fail to see the

WINCHESTER SHOOTING TEAM

of six recommended crack shots.

They will be at the special meet of the Fox Gun Club on Monday, Sept. 15.

You are cordially invited to be present.

SHOOT BEGINS AT 1 P. M.

EDDIE COLLINS ONE WORLD SERIES ENTRY REDS SHOULD WATCH

This Agile and Alert King of Second Basemen Has Caused More Havoc in October Classics Than Any Other Athlete, Starring in at Least Four

IN THE SPOTLIGHT—BY GRANTLAND RICE

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Handing It Back

When the battle breaks against you, And the crowd forgets to cheer— When the Anvil Chorus echoes With the essence of a jeer: When the knocker starts their panning In the knocker's nimble way, With a rap for all your errors And a josh upon your play, There is one quick answer ready That will nail them on the wing, There is one reply forthcoming That will wipe away the sting: There is one elastic come-back That will hold them, as it should— Make good—old kid—make good.

No matter where you finish In the race up or the row, There are those among the rabble Who will josh you, anyhow: But the entry who is sticking And delivering the stuff Can listen to their yapping As he pipples up his cuff: That knoifer has no come-back And the quitter so reply, When the Anvil Chorus echoes As it will, against the sky: But there's one quick answer ready That will strap them in a hood, Make good, old kid, make good.

WHICH reminds us of an occasion when a solemn-eyed bystander stepped up to Frank Chance and spoke as follows concerning a recruit: "Say, Frank, will he make good?"

"WILL he make good what?" replied Mr. Chance in a puzzled tone.

A Tip to the Reds

THERE is one White Sox entry, among others, upon whom the triumphant Reds should cast an observing eye during the impending world series. We refer exclusively to a Mr. Edward Trowbridge Collins, whose main P. C. will be at second base in the Chicago sector.

This agile and alert athlete has produced more havoc in various world series affairs than any other one ball player that ever lived. We bar none in offering these remarks.

World series in the past have known their Mathewsons, their Benders, their Hank Goodens and their Babe Adams. Also their Frank Bakers. But in the main these were content to star in only one or two post-season ensembles.

Collins is a trifle different. This not only makes his sixth series, but in at least four of the five that have known his presence in the past he has raised the well-known dickens. As far back as 1910, then in a Philadelphia uniform, Collins was one of the leading actors in subduing the Cubs. Later on he raised an equal amount of Cain in attacking the Giants.

HIS last world series start was in 1917, when he assaulted the Giants from a number of directions and finally led the assault that broke up their defense.

A Great Post-Season Type

COLLINS is a great post-season type. Arrayed with speed, alertness and rare judgment, he rises to his top form on these October occasions where there is much important money in the pot.

Not only great in a defensive way, he is very likely to be the best man on the field upon attack, where both batting and baserunning help to produce the precious tally.

Collins is no longer a mere youth. He is thirty-two years old, but is still a year younger than Ty Cobb, and eleven years younger than Wagner was when the veteran Pirate decided to call it a career.

Put on a Whitey Fitzgerald and Alton-Towne Dundee again. The Fitz-Dundee bout evidently was a good 'un, but it couldn't be proved by us. We didn't see it.

Football Reflections

I've never dared to be a guard With halfbacks bucking yard by yard, Where underneath the writhing mass They always let your glory pass, And even though you are the star, Nobody ever knows you are.

Though he may play a corking game And hold the center of the frame; Though he may lay beneath the pile And let them use him for a tile, Where daily snapshots grab the space How many papers print his face?

WHILE frequent rains have soaked many golf courses this summer and fall, the Nineteenth Hole is said to be dustier than the middle of the Sahara with no relief in sight.

"DO YOU consider the drive or the putt more important?" asks a reader. It depends largely on which one you miss.

"AUSTRIA decided to accept peace terms." Why not add, "Athletic Aconedee pennant to White Sox?"

FEDERAL MOTOR TRUCKS advertisement with details on chassis prices and contact information for Federal Sales Co. of Phila.

POLO CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE UNITED STATES advertisement for the second match between Rockaway and Philadelphia Country Club.